# Oliver Cromwells GHOST: OR OLD NOLL Newly Revived.

1679

ROws'd from Infernal Caverns void of Light,
Where Traytors Souls keep an Eternal Night:
Through the *Earths* friendly Pores at last I come
To view the Fate of mangled *Christendome.*
*Treason,* and *Blood, Ruin,* and *Usurpation,*
*Deceipt, Hypocrisie,* and *Devastation;*
*Envy, Ambition,* and *untam'd desire,*
Still to gain more, still to be mounted higher:
*Wars, Janglings, Murders;* and a Thousand more
Vices like these, you know were heretofore.
The only grateful Bantlings, which could find,
A kind Reception in my gloomy Mind----
---But now alas I'm chang'd--- the Pondrous guilt
Of *Treason,* and the *Sacred Blood* I spilt;

Those crouds of *Loyal Subjects* I made groan,
Under pretence of strickt *Religion*,
When I my self, to speak the Truth, had none:
Too weighty for my strugling Soul did grow,
And prest it downwards to the Shades below,
Where it these Twenty Years has Silent lain,
Tormented with Variety of Pain,
Too great for fleshly Mortals to sustain.

Nor had it budg'd as yet---but that the Fame
Of *Plots*, *Conspiracies*, and *Murders* came
To the Infernal Gates so fast, that I,
For others Good, forgot my Misery:
And whilst the busie *Dæmons* were imploy'd
In culling out a Bloody Regicide,
I bilkt my Keeper, and with wondrous Pain,
Once more I mount my Native Soyl again;
Where to my Grief, more Villanies I view,
Than Heav'n e're Pardon'd, or than Hell e're knew.
Since *Lucifer*'s like *Rome*'s Destructive Pride,
Both Damn'd himself, and all his Imps beside:
Though old in Artful Wickedness I be,
Yet *Rome*, I now Resign the Wall to thee:
Thou in this single Plot, hast now done more,
Than Mankind, helpt by Hell, could do before.

What! was thy swell'd Ambition grown so wide,
That nought but *Kings* could satisfie thy Pride?
Must *Monarchs*, whom the Heav'n it self do's prize,
Now become Morsels for thy gaping Vice.
Methought, though hot with Gluttony thou burn,
A Pious Justice might have serv'd thy turn;
Especially when, (to content you more)
Spitted on's Sword, and Pickled in his Gore;

But

But now your aim we better underſtand,
He was the Whet --- you gap'd for all the Land.
Strange Cormorant! that in her Monſtrous Breaſt,
Could at one Meal three Butcher'd Lands digeſt.
Ye *Powers!* I thought my Countries Innocence,
(When in fierce *Whilwinds* you had born me hence)
And by the Pow'r of your moſt juſt Command,
Reſtor'd the Scepter to the Owners hand)
Would have ſufficient bin to Wall you free
From the Aſſaults of ſuch an Enemie.
I little thought, when laſt I took my leave,
And ſadly entred my unwelcome Grave,
That e're the Porphry Idol could command
So great a Friendſhip in our Native Land;
As by that means to hope to circumvent,
With black Deſign, both King and Government.
But yet take heed ye Romiſh Idiots,
That have a hand in theſe moſt Helliſh Plots;
Who by your baſe contrivance, hope to bring
Ruin to Nations, Death unto a King.
Beware, I ſay, by my Example, do,
For there's a God above do's all things view:
Tho wrapt in Clouds amongſt the Skies, he dwells,
Yet he diſcerns you in your cloſeſt Cells;
See's your Contrivances, and whilſt you poor
Conceipted Traytors think your ſelves ſecure,
He your clandeſtine Plots does plainly view,
And will divulge them, and their Actors too.
Truſting Experience, one, who if you will
Believe, what all the World ſays of him ſtill,
Had no ſmall ſhare of Pride, Ambition, Wit,
Courage and Conduct too to manage it.

By which I wrought my Curſt deſigns ſo high,
I could have match'd my *Brewers Family*
With the beſt Blood in *Brittain*. Right or wrong,
Or Life or Death, attended on my Tongue:
All the three Kingdoms truckled to my Will--
But what of this?---I was a Traytor ſtill.
Nay, ſo intemperate was my folly grown,
I boldly offer'd at the Sacred Crown;
Which though I miſt,---yet by a holy Cheat,
At laſt I gain'd to fill the tott'ring Seat;
And made Ten thouſand Souldiers Arm'd, appear
With Roaring Guns, to plead my Title there.
Not doubting but that happy Seat ſhould be
Transfer'd from me to my Poſteritie.
But all was inſignificant, when Death
Unkindly Robb'd me of Beloved Breath:
My Titles all forſook me, and my Race,
Inſtead of them, inherit my diſgrace.

This is the Fate of Traytors here; but know,
That could you think what they endure below,
I'm ſure you would be Loyal; but the Pope
By prating Jeſuits, has ſo rais'd your hope,
That I in vain thoſe Tortures now ſhould tell,
You'l know them when I meet you there---
Farewel.

*R. W.* D. D.